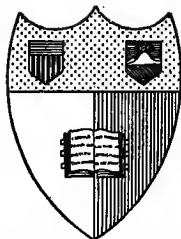


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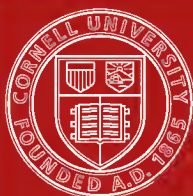
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IN TIME LIKE GLASS

By the same Author

The Hunter and other Poems

The Dark Fire

Paris and Helen

Sidgwick & Jackson Ltd

IN TIME LIKE GLASS

by W. J. Turner

“

London

Sidgwick & Jackson Ltd

1921

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IN TIME LIKE GLASS

IN T I M E like glass the stars are set,
And seeming-fluttering butterflies
Are fixed fast in Time's glass net
With mountains and with maids' bright eyes.

Above the cold Cordilleras hung
The winged eagle and the Moon:
The gold, snow-throated orchid sprung
From gloom where peers the dark baboon:

The Himalayas' white, rapt brows;
The jewel-eyed bear that threads their caves;
The lush plains' lowing herds of cows;
That Shadow entering human graves:

All these like stars in Time are set,
They vanish but can never pass;
The Sun that with them fades is yet
Fast-fixed as they in Time like glass.

THE NAVIGATORS

I S A W the bodies of earth's men
Like wharves thrust in the stream of time
Whereon cramped navigators climb
And free themselves in the warm sun:

With outflung arms and shouts of joy
Those spirits tramped their human planks;
Then pressing close, reforming ranks,
They pushed off in the stream again:

Cold darkly rotting lay the wharves,
Decaying in the stream of time;
Slow winding silver tracks of slime
Showed bright where came back none.

MEN FADE LIKE ROCKS

ROCK - LIKE the souls of men
Fade, fade in time.
Falls on worn surfaces,
Slow chime on chime,

Sense, like a murmuring dew,
Soft sculpturing rain,
Or the wind that blows hollowing
In every lane.

Smooth as the stones that lie
Dimmed, water-worn,
Worn of the night and day,
In sense forlorn,

Rock-like the souls of men
Fade, fade in time;
Smoother than river-rain
Falls chime on chime.

GIRAFFE AND TREE

UPON a dark ball spun in Time
Stands a Giraffe beside a Tree:
Of what immortal stuff can that
The fading picture be?

So, thought I, standing by my love
Whose hair, a small black flag,
Broke on the universal air
With proud and lovely brag:

It waved among the silent hills,
A wind of shining ebony
In Time's bright glass, where mirrored clear
Stood the Giraffe beside a Tree.

WOMAN WALKING ON THE SEASHORE
TOWARDS HER LOVER

ISAW Nightstriding white-limbed from the sea
Across the pale, wet sand. The Sun shone still
Over the yellow fields; translucent trees
Bathed on the cliffs, dropping deep purple veils
Upon mauve rocks worn glassy by the tide.
A fringe of foam blurred softly on the shore
Whence rose the faint susurrus of the sphere
That hangs in space, quired by the flocking waves.
I looked and thought to see the silver Moon
High on the rocky shoulder of the bay,
But the bright corn, a sea of greenish gold
Asleep in the Sun's eye, very slowly heaved;
And then I knew I looked upon my love
Who steals like Night into a sunny world
And dulls the day's bright girdle of stone hills.
Nearer she came; the Sun went slowly out,
And all the bright sea shrank into her gaze,
Wherein I saw the stars untimely stream
With many shining waters panoplied.
A black wind blown, her hair untunable
Fell tumbling from her small, melodious profile:
And I stood still and longed to hear her voice,
Shadow of falling water in sunned rocks,
Sprung from the caves within this hollow world
Where silver music rings perpetually,
Lulling the stones crouched in the dim unseen

WOMAN WALKING ON THE SEASHORE

Until they take the shapes of gods and idols,
And this world's imaged in a sea of blood.
It was the sea of blood I looked upon
Wherein those simulacra, Sun and Moon,
Do rise and set, and there a ghostly tide
Chimes many a bubbling, too-bright apparition
On the still cliff of flesh wherefrom we gaze—
Hallucination of a bell angelical
In the still air, as though o'er earth's shore rolled
Silver susurrus of the Moon's bright sphere.

PORTRAIT OF A LADY

THE crocodile has lost its skin
To shoe your feet;
Crossed, pointed, variegated, arched,
They let no love dart in;
And your gloved, armoured hands
Set the brain burning like a blood-red Sun
On lawn-smooth lands.

The Moon has lost its light
To your wan face.
Night's fishing fleets, the stars,
Dragged Time foraeons ere they found those eyes.
Antique fires drowsed in many a waveless gem
Now on your snowy skin
Flicker agen.

Worms pale as skies of milk
On China's hills
Filled Time with coloured clouds;
Draw them about your limbs,
And you have drawn
From slumbering sense the lovely snowy hills
Of milkwhite Dawn.

PORTRAIT OF A LADY

Time carved your voice from water,
 Its running chime
Rang cold age-long.
Trees budded to its tinkling silver stream
 Ere it grew warm,
And charmed the souls of men who lay like rocks
 Buried in calm.

Now in their flesh recumbent,
 Burning they gaze
On you gloved, robed, enamelled like a flower,
 Cool and as unafraid.
 Your perfect dress
Preserves your beauty to the burning brain's
 Far-off caress.

On lawn-smooth lands
Among neat-bordered and trimmed shapely plants
 A perfect O,
A blood-red Sun of wild tumultuous fire
Hangs o'er the garden where its graven flames
Smooth, violent, cool, invulnerable as you,
 As marble, glow.

LOVE: A DREAM

ON a deep mountain lake there sailed a swan,
Far, far away from any human soul;
And daily swam with her a speckled trout,
Who only left her when deep thunder rolled—
Sinking far down where that swan could not dive,
So that she tasted bitterest pangs of love,
And drooped upon the water like to die.
And when that trout came near with the blue sky
She brightened over the water like a sail
Lifted for harbour after a winter gale.
No solitary ship sailing a land-locked sea
With her own shadow, and no lonely cloud
In water moored, abandoned by the wind,
To substance and to spirit cloven, seemed
So deeply one as that strange pair I dreamed,
Among the mountains woven in my mind. . .

Morning and evening her song filled the hills,
The shepherds in the lowland heard her cry—
Sitting like stones among their scattered sheep—
And stood and gazed into the distant air.
The mountains, sunk under grey woods of sleep,
In spring would wake and shake a million leaves,
Flashing gold signals to the speechless sky,
Stirring uneasily in their mould-deep beds
Until the fickle fires crept away
And Autumn found them cloudier than before,
Breathed on that shining lake a phantom shore. . .

And years went by, and never dimmed their love.
 Her plumage shone as bright as winter snow,
 And her bright image when the high stars gleamed
 Still followed that frail shape that steered below,
 Which could not cry, nor utter sounds of love,
 But silent at her feet did ever move.
 There came no herald crying '*Dream no more!*'
 But the Night flew with large and glittering eyes,
 Brushing its purple wing through the dark pines,
 And when the day gleamed on the mirrored hills,
 No Shadow flitted through the water's ghosts,
 For it had passed to some close-shuttered realm,
 Some country fainter and more dim than theirs.
 But on the lake a thing of fading snow
 Glimmered away from that sky-covered world
 Of air-drawn rock and hill and breathing wood,
 Trembling, it stretched its snowy wings to rise,
 Flashing bright shapes upon the calm, blue air,
 Then drooped, and dimly sailed down those bright skies,
 Sailed slowly on, in the cold voiceless hills,
 Singing aloud until the lake did cry
 With quivering mouth up at the empty sky,
 And darkness soft as dew came dropping down. . .
 Into deep silence climbed the Hunter's Moon.

‘THERE CAME A LION INTO THE CAPITOL’

STRANGE spirit with inky hair,
Tail tufted stiff in rage,
I saw with sudden stare
Leap on the printed page.

The stillness of its roar
From midnight deserts torn
Clove silence to the core
Like the blare of a great horn.

I saw the sudden sky;
Cities in crumbling sand;
The stars fall wheeling by;
The lion roaring stand:

The stars fall wheeling by,
Their silent, silver stain,
Cold on his glittering eye,
Cold on his carven mane.

The full-orbed Moon shone down,
The silence was so loud,
From jaws wide-open thrown
His voice hung like a cloud.

Earth shrank to blackest air,
That spirit stiff in rage
Into some midnight lair
Leapt from the printed page.

THE TOWERS OF TANTALUS

THE Towers of Tantalus I saw
Above untrodden streets of Time;
The sunlight and the moonlight shone
Together on great spars of rime.

Terrestrial lilies were those towers
In calm sky pools of that dark noon;
Calm lay on rocks of frozen light
The shadow of the Sun and Moon.

Still, bright gold chrysanthemums
Shone in the polished, dim, jade walls,
And at small windows in still woods
Hung snow-curved, shining waterfalls.

Those pinnacles, sky-pointed, sang
A cloud-embroidered song of doom:
The flowers sang in the halls below—
Wax sprays of light in ebon gloom.

The waters frozen in the woods
Were mirrored on the shadowed floors;
Cold constellations from the sky
Hung low, dream-captured at the doors.

'Twas music hewn upon the air
Flashed for a moment through these eyes—
I heard the trumpets crumple, and
I stared once more at transient skies.

CLERKS ON HOLIDAY

THE long black trains are stealing from the city
one by one.

Packed tight in corridors they stand, their holidays
begun;

Tall, white-faced creatures blinking in the dead un-
natural light,

Phantoms on to their eyeballs leaping out of the
flying night—

Trees, lamps, stars, gusts of rain, all jumping in the
brain.

They rattle through the evening air, hats, sticks and
luggage, all

Unreal as clowns upon their way to some quiet coun-
try hall;

Their dumb, high, mournful faces dead as flowers
with moon-white eyes,

When the soft humanising sun has sunk in chilly
skies,

And vaguely a thin wind frets the trees' dark silhou-
ettes.

By midnight some are driving down a narrow country
road,

The thick trees watch on either side the horse and
his dark load;

The trees come close about the horse, they seem
to talk together;

CLERKS ON HOLIDAY

The moon is floating in the sky, light as a white
owl's feather;
Quiet jut the village roofs amid the clanging hoofs.

They enter the low farmhouse like men moving in
a dream

Who see great stars beyond a room, and, in the
candle-gleam,

They stand beside the window, and their blood's
spring-reddened tides

Look up in that black world to where, soundless,
a frail moon rides

In a thin vapour sea of hill and rock and tree.

They know not why they gaze upon the moon with
troubled blood,

They tremble, for their brains are bright with its
transparent flood;

Slowly they walk in dark-wreathed woods, like men
fast bound with spells,

To where the faint immortal cry of travelling water dwells,
Whose cuckoo voice outsings the noise of mortal things:

The voice of water falling down from leaf and fern
and stone,

The voice of hidden water on a pilgrimage unknown,
The tiny voice that calls shut up in miles of solid rock,
As if within this world's stone walls some other world
should knock,

And press unhurrying by with a strange unhuman cry.

CLERKS ON HOLIDAY

All day they stare among the trees that stand beside
the pools,
Hour-long only a leaf will fall, and on mossed boulder stools
They sit and feel the drip of time so infinitely slow
There is no motion in their minds, nowhere for time
to flow;
And from that inner gaze fade years and months
and days.

The leaves are rustling overhead as they sit bowed
and still;
A crooked line of restless ants climbs up a little hill;
A thrush with head cocked on one side is showing
one bright eye,
And sunlight mottling all the ground in silence
flickers by—
Deep-sunken in a dream trunks of men and forest
seem.

The sunlight plays upon their hair and flits from
place to place;
The sunlight stirs within their bones and gilds each
pallid face,
Bending to falling water and the scent of the coming
rose;
And blooming softly through the wood the spring
wing-footed goes;
Like flowers strangely bright their faces are alight.

CLERKS ON HOLIDAY

And thrush and robin, birch and oak, the hot sun's
dancing rays
Work their strong magic in the brain, dumb-still
they sit and gaze;
And beauty blinds them as they hear spring winds
sea-hollowing blow;
Into a far and passionate land with wild starved looks
they go;

Return! no land can give the life you fain would live.

*Return, return unto your desks, and mount your office stools,
None shall remain within this quiet that broods round
forest pools;*

*The sun will shine on when you're gone, and still the water
fall,*

*When other faces in the wood shall answer that faint call,
Shall wander through hot noons followed by slow-paced
moons!*

And sitting deep within the sun I watched them die
away,

I watched their bodies fade like clouds upon a
summer's day,

I watched the green boughs waving as in their graves
they lie,

Their small white faces crumbling as they stare
into the sky:

And O the sky was bright with an ecstasy of light!

THE FOREST BIRD

THE loveliest things of earth are not
Her lilies, waterfalls or trees;
Or clouds that float like still, white stones
Carved upon azure seas;
Or snow-white orchids, scarlet-lipped
In darkness of damp woods,
In hush of shadowy leaves;
Or the pale foam that lights the coast
Of earth on moonless eves.
The moon is lovely, and the sea's
Bright shadow on the sand;
The phantom vessel as it glides
Out from a phantom land;
And, hung above the shadowed earth,
Moored in a crystal sky,
That fleet of phantom lights:
These are but beauty's fading flags,
Her perishable delights.
But in transparency of thought
Out of the branched, dark-foliaged word
There flits a strange, soft-glimmering light,
Shy as a forest bird.
Most lovely and most shy it comes
From realms of sense unknown,
And sings of earthly doom,
Of an immortal happiness
In the soul's deepening gloom.

DREAMING

A SONG OF AFRICA

I AM a barbarian out of the sunless forest,
Where the trees continually growing spread a
murmuring shadow of thunder
Over the plains where the sunlight blooms in the
golden grass.
And I dream I shall see the sunlight slowly, inexo-
rably eaten
By those dark, slow-spreading imps that rise up out
of the ground,
Their bushy headdresses shaking as they crowd to
the edge of the plains.

Lovely are those bare hills where the slender-legged
antelopes gather;
Their horns against the horizon in the clear grey
light of evening:
And I stand at the edge of the forest, and I see the
red disc sinking,
And a million blooms hang drooping, and their
colours fade from the fields;

And when earth and sky are ashen, I turn back into
the forest,
Among the huge trunks walking, a Shadow lost by
the Sun;
I am dark in the darkness, solitary, onward moving
Until I silently enter a tiny circle of firelight.

DREAMING

There I sit with the Shadows that live in the gloom of
the forest,
Eating, gesticulating. Soon we lie down in deep silence
Rolled in our blankets of darkness,
But I hold a bright patch of the sky with those hills
and earth's delicate antlers.

THE APE

THE trees dream all night on the tops of the hills,
The ghostly water a dark hollow fills,
Its long white shadow falling through the trees
Where the Ape squats silent, his hands on his knees.

The white shadow shines in that small dim mind;
The Moon travels there; the star-hordes wind
With pin-head lamps through the dark, dark blue
Where faint cloud-like thoughts collect and pursue.

The scent of the forest, the rippling streams;
The butterflies flitting through the shaking tree-
dreams;
The twittering of birds, the roar of a lion;
In the pale morning sky fading Orion.

I see and I hear, I awake in the night,
And the Asian forests are dark in my sight,
With slow bright patches on the drifting gloom,
Where Stars, Sun and Moon soundlessly bloom.

The Sun hangs low, a great dim flower,
A bloom without stalk; and hour by hour
The sharp cries of birds and the shrieks of the slain
Are tearing the quiet with bright gashes of pain:

THE APE

And that Flower bleeds out, wildly staining the sky;
And the lions roar to see the day-flower die—
They roar together on the tops of the hills
While with little pale blossoms the dark sky fills.

In the gloom under heaven, clasping my knees—
That long white shadow still falling through the trees,
The lions roaring their music in my brain—
Alone on that boulder I am sitting once again.

MAN WITH GIRL

THE sun above the desert sands
Burns a full orb of gold,
Cold daylight falls upon our streets,
Townsmen no Sun behold.

Shy antelopes and tufted trees
Move by eve's shining pools;
White faces streaming in dark streets
Our wind of sunset cools.

The tall giraffe, the moon's bright horn,
The shining waterfall
I saw in the bright-limbed animal
I danced with in the hall.

THE SEARCH FOR THE NIGHTINGALE

[TO S. S. IN WHOSE GARDEN IN KENT IN 1919 I FIRST
HEARD THE NIGHTINGALE]

BESIDE a stony, shallow stream I sat
In a deep gully underneath a hill.
I watched the water trickle down dark moss
And shake the tiny boughs of maidenhair,
And billow on the bodies of cold stone.
And sculptured clear
Upon the shoulder of that aerial peak
Stood trees, the fragile skeletons of light,
High in a bubble blown
Of visionary stone.

Under that azurine transparent arch
The hills, the rocks, the trees
Were still and dreamless as the printed wood
Black on the snowy page.
It was the song of some diviner bird
Than this still country knew;
The words were twigs of burnt and blackened trees
From which there trilled a voice,
Shadowy and faint, as though it were the song
The water carolled as it flowed along.

Lifting my head, I gazed upon the world,
Carved in the breathless heat as in a gem,
And watched the parroquets green-feathered fly
Through crystal vacancy, and perch in trees
That glittered in a thin, blue, haze-like dream,

THE SEARCH FOR THE NIGHTINGALE

And the voice faded, though the water dinned
Against the stones its dimming memory.
And I ached then
To hear that song burst out upon that scene,
Startling an earth where it had never been.

And then I came unto an older world.
The woods were damp, the sun
Shone in a watery mist, and soon was gone;
The trees were thick with leaves, heavy and old,
The sky was grey, and blue, and like the sea
Rolling with mists and shadowy veils of foam.
I heard the roaring of an ancient wind
Among the elms and in the tattered pines;
And riding out into a pale lagoon
I saw with gauzy sails a scudding Moon.

‘O is it here,’ I cried, ‘that bird that sings
So that the traveller in his frenzy weeps?’
It was the autumn of the year, and leaves
Fell with a dizzying moan, and all the trees
Roared like the sea at my small impotent voice.
And if that bird was there it did not sing;
And I knew not its haunts, or where it went,
But carven stood and raved!

In that old wood that dripped upon my face
Upturned below, pale in its passionate chase.
And years went by, and I grew slowly cold:
I had forgotten what I once had sought.

There are no passions that do not grow dim,
 And like a fire imagination sinks
 Into the ashes of the mind's cold grate.
 And if I dreamed, I dreamed of that far land,
 That coast of pearl upon a summer sea,
 Whose frail trees in unruffled amber sleep,
 Gaudy with jewelled birds, whose feathers spray
 Bright founts of colour through the tranquil day.

The hill, the gully and the stony stream
 I had not thought on when this spring I sat
 In a strange room with candles guttering down
 Into the flickering silence. From the Moon
 Among the trees still-wreathed upon the sky
 There came the sudden twittering of a ghost.
 And I stepped out from darkness, and I saw
 The cold pale sky immense, transparent, filled
 With boughs and mountains and wide-shining lakes
 Where stillness, crying in a thin voice, breaks.

It was the voice of that imagined bird.
 I saw the gully and that ancient hill,
 The water trickling down from Paradise
 Shaking the tiny boughs of maidenhair.
 There sat the dreaming boy.
 And O! I wept to see that scene again,
 To read the black print on that snowy page,
 I wept, and all was still.
 No shadow came into that sun-steeped glen,
 No sound of earth, no voice of living men.

THE SEARCH FOR THE NIGHTINGALE

Was it a dream, or was it that in me
A god awoke, and gazing on his dream
Saw that dream rise and gaze into its soul,
Finding, Narcissus-like, its image there:
A Song, a transitory Shape on water blown,
Descending down the bright cascades of Time,
The shadowiest-flowering, ripple-woven bloom
As ghostly as still waters' unseen foam
That lies upon the air, as that song lay
Within my heart on one far summer day?

Carved in the azure air white peacocks fly,
Their fanning wings stir not the crystal trees,
Bright parrots fade through dimming turquoise days,
And music scrolls its lightning calm and bright
On the pale sky where thunder cannot come.
Into that world no ship has ever sailed,
No seaman gazing with hand-shaded eyes
Has ever seen its shore whiten the waves.
But to that land the Nightingale has flown,
Leaving bright treasure on this calm air blown.

STARS

WHEN all the world stands heaped in silent hills
About the dying Sun, I hear the stars
Start singing, as soldiers sing in far-off wars
When each man's thought the distant homeland fills.
I watch them trembling draw, as the nightingale trills,
Out of their skyey country, and the gleam
Of their strange gaze, bending o'er men that dream
Knee-bent in sleep, shines in earth's myriad rills;
These sing faint songs amongst the grass and fern
Of some far land that has been lost to them,
And under sombre boughs those Captives pale,
Linkèd like jewels on Evening's ebon urn,
The dark earth's quivering waters nightlong gem,
Till from the world faint ghosts, at dawn, they sail.

TENT, MY DEAREST TENT

MY SOUL is like a wandering Arab
Who solitary brings
His house among the desert stars
On hill or plain, by palm or brook
And mid the loneliness of ways
Thus to his comfort sings:

*Among the Universe's winds
Tent, my dearest tent
Thou dost house a quiet breath,
A soft breath, a little breath—
A leaf upon the tree
Making a quiet lament.*

*Leaf, thou art a rib of wine
That trembles through the sky
Glimmering into a grosser dress
A dress of flesh, a body—
O Universal gale of life
Thy fluttering tent am I.*

*And, light of Moon and Sun,
Thou, Foliage and Snows,
Fading upon this star where I
Were else dark, pitched in dark—
Bright fabric of my walls,
That in the darkness blows!*

TENT, MY DEAREST TENT

*Amidst the wilderness of Space
Thy glimmer may be spent
But there are other lights that burn
Mid other hills and other snows,
And somewhere once more shall be pitched
Tent, my dearest Tent!*

My soul is like a wandering Arab
Who crossing hill and plain
Under night's glittering suns shall place
His tent of life, his fluttering sign;
And when Dawn rises on the world
It shall have gone again.

MARRIAGE

THE SUN sank in the thunderous sky of the town,
And I rose in the glittering hall and strode through
the people

And went to my room, and laid me down with a Spirit—
There was lightning out in the land beyond my window.

Black was the night where lay that shining Spirit,
That slim, white, glimmering body, my soul's companion;
And the trees and rocks and waters and hills around me
Stood black and mournful in flashes about my bed.

And the trees drooping around, and all the rocks and
waters,

The gloom-hung hills, the carven and frenzied silences
Then worshipped that glimmering body, that white
cascade

That shone in my dark-hung cavern dug out of the sky.

And I wondered how long ere the bolt should fall and
destroy us,

Ere we should go out like the spurt of a match in the
darkness

Having one glimpse of that wild and passionate country,
Those woods and ravines dark-graven by summer light-
ning;

And I stared at the wall and the little distant window,

The world shrivelled up to a low and far horizon,

To a few bare hills in a sudden flash of lightning,

And the glimmering Spirit I kissed in the gloom beside me.

DEATH

WHEN I am dead, a few poor souls shall grieve
As I have grieved for my brother long ago.
Scarce did my eyes grow dim,
I had forgotten him;
I was far-off hearing the spring winds blow.
And many summers burned
When, though still reeling with my eyes aflame,
I heard that faded name
Whispered one Spring amid the hurrying world
From which, years gone, he turned.

I looked up at my window and I saw
The trees, thin spectres sucked forth by the moon.
The air was very still
Above a distant hill;
It was the hour of night's full silver noon.
'O art thou there, my brother?' my soul cried;
And all the pale stars down bright rivers wept,
As my heart sadly crept
About the empty hills, bathed in that light
That lapped him when he died.

Ah, it was cold, so cold; do I not know
How dead my heart on that remembered day!
Clear in a far-away place
I see his delicate face
Just as he called me from my solitary play,
Giving into my hand a tiny tree—

DEATH

We planted it in the dark blossomless ground,
Gravely without a sound;
Then back I went, and left him standing by
His birthday gift to me.

In that far land perchance it quietly grows
Drinking the rain, making a pleasant shade;
Birds in its branches fly
Out of the fathomless sky
Where worlds of circling light arise and fade.
Blindly it quivers in the bright flood of day,
Or drowned in multitudinous sheets of rain
Glooms o'er the dark-veiled plain—
Buried below, the ghost that's in his bones
Dreams in the sodden clay.

And while he faded, drunk with beauty's eyes,
I kissed bright girls, and laughed deep in dumb trees
That stared fixt in the air
Like madmen in despair,
Gaped up from earth with the escaping breeze.
I saw earth's exaltation slowly creep
Out of their myriad sky-embracing veins.
I laughed along the lanes,
Meeting Death riding in from hollow seas
Through black-wreathed woods asleep.

I laughed, I swaggered on the cold, hard ground—
Through the grey air trembled a falling wave—
'Thou'rt pale, O Death!' I cried,
Mocking him in my pride;

DEATH

And, passing, I dreamed not of that lonely grave,
But of leaf-maidens whose pale, moon-like hands
Above the tree-foam waved in the icy air,
Sweeping with shining hair
Through the green-tinted sky, one moment fled
Out of immortal lands.

One windless Autumn night the Moon came out
In a still sea of cloud, a field of snow;
In darkness shaped of trees
I sank upon my knees,
And watched her shining from the small wood below.
Faintly Death flickered in an owl's far cry.
We floated, soundless, in the great gulf of space,
Her light upon my face—
Immortal, shining, in that dark wood I knelt,
And knew I could not die.

*And knew I could not die—*O Death, didst thou
Heed my vain glory, standing pale by thy dead?
There is a spirit who grieves
Amid earth's dying leaves;
Was't thou that wept beside my brother's bed?
For I did never mourn nor heed at all
Him passing on his temporal elmwood bier;
I never shed a tear:
The drooping sky spread grey-winged through my soul
While stones and earth did fall.

DEATH

That sound rings down the years—I hear it yet—
All earthly life's a winding funeral,—

And though I never wept,
But into the dark coach stept,
Dreaming by night to answer the blood's sweet call.
She who stood there high-breasted, with small, wise lips,
And gave me wine to drink and bread to eat,
Has not more steadfast feet,
But fades from my arms as fade from mariners' eyes
The sea's most beauteous ships.

The trees and hills of earth were once as close
As my own brother: they are becoming dreams
And shadows in my eyes;
More dimly lies

Guaya deep in my soul; the coast line gleams
Faintly along the darkling crystalline seas:
Glimmering and lovely still, 'twill one day go;
The surging dark will flow
Over my hopes and joys, and blot out all
Earth's hills and skies and trees.

I shall look up one night and see the Moon
For the last time shining above the hills.

And thou, silent, wilt ride
Over the dark hillside.

'Twill be perchance the time of daffodils—
*'How come those bright immortals in the woods?
Their joy being young, didst thou not drag them all
Into dark graves ere Fall?'*

DEATH

Shall Life flash leaping at me as I go
To thy deep solitudes!

There is a figure with a down-turned torch
Carved on a pillar in an olden time,
A calm and lovely boy
Who comes not to destroy,
But to lead age back to its golden prime.
Thus did an antique sculptor draw thee, Death,
With smooth and beauteous brow, and faint sweet
smile

Not haggard, gaunt and vile;
And thou perhaps art thus, to whom men may,
Unvexed, give up their breath.

But in my soul thou sittest like a Dream
Among earth's mountains by her dim-coloured seas,
A wild unearthly Shape
In thy dark-glimmering cape
Piping a tune of wavering melodies.
Thou sittest, ay, thou sittest at the feast
Of my brief life, among earth's bright-wreathed
flowers

Staining the dancing hours
With sombre gleams, until, abrupt, thou risest,
And all, at once, is ceased.

LOVERS ACROSS THE SEA

DESOLATE of all young lovers sleeps the land,
And there is silence in earth's woods and halls.
The bugle of war faintly in dreamland calls,
And maidens into the moonlight wave a hand
From high rooms gazing where their lovers stand
In the far South. The garden's budding pinks
Sway softly in their souls, swift downward sinks
Their fragrant clothing, their limbs by soft airs fanned
Pale, foam-like, gleam upon the summer wind;
Their bright hair in the moonlight glimmering spray,
As warrior after warrior sinks to die,
The red blood billowing from the darkening mind,
And in the night's faint-starred and tranquil sky
The same white Moon suddenly black mid-way.

MAIDENS

THERE is a hunger in their small white limbs,
It is the beauty of the world they seek;
They shall have children gazing on great stars
That melt within their bodies. They shall speak
Of rivers, woods and oceans of the world,
Babbling soft words of love on that man's lips
Who from their nakedness all safety strips.

Naked, defenceless in a wild ravening world,
Clamouring to rape their beauty ere they die,
They clasp frail hands, fashioned so delicately
That men go mad to see bared beauty lie
On the dark cloths of earth like trees and streams
That are a dark, bright budding ecstasy,
Souls in the calm deep air upleaping free.

And I have fled from them by night and day,
From dark trees bending high against the Moon,
From streams that shone like spirits seeking flesh
To clothe their bright desires. At summer's noon
Bewitched by spirit-babblings I have stolen
To watch one leap among the ferns and grass,
A naked soul, shining and clear as glass.

And these white nymphs of human progeny
Ache for the darkness soft against their flesh;
Their pale limbs in their secret chambers gleam
And make with stars and streams a glimmering mesh
Of bright enchantment. Slowly sinks the world

Beneath the spell of beauty; naked lies
Earth's tortured spirit spread against the skies.

All grief and joy and fear of bright-edged swords
And fountains of red blood among quiet stars
Leap in their flesh, as in snow countries fires
Glimmer among pale hills; the trees' dark bars
Stark black with death fret the ethereal flame
Dug from the bowels of earth. The dusty lanes
Ache for the kiss of gentle-greeting rains.

Soft as rain falling should their lovers come
And touch their hands and gaze into their eyes
That will not see the Moon stand round and still,
Nor the white Owl motionless as it flies;
For this is love, a hollow, shining dream
Of crystal trees, and faces cold and small
That do not sigh, or kiss, or speak at all.

LOVE

ARE the pale bodies of these maidens
Wisps of the smoke of life
Burning in my brain,
Blown across the green fields of Spring
From the smouldering fires of Winter?
For I am a heap of dead generations
Smouldering in the sun.

I am pale as a candle-flame in the sunlight,
My body is as white as wax.
I am dim as a wave falling from a cliff of light,
A soundless invisible flame,
And those wisps of smoke wandering in the daylight
Are the bodies of slender girls,
Incense of earth's imagination.

It is blown among the walls of cities,
It floats curled along the streets
As though where earth touched invisible clouds
On the clear pavements their bright skirts fluttered,
A snowy border of the clear day;
The earth dark as a still wood garden
About the feet of February snowdrops.

Desire darkens like a trellis abandoned by the rose;
A winter sun is shining;
The passing clouds trail their cold shadows
Drooping a festoon of ghostly blooms.

LOVE

Where is the rose that is vanished?
Neither morning nor yet the evening
Looks upon her face.

I lie at the foot of the trellis,
Earth smouldering slowly in the sun.
Behold the framework of dead imagination
And a thin faint haze in the landscape,
Life, smoking subtly in the brain!
Black and myriad the dead sticks of desire,
And the Void bloomless upon the trellis!

Out of the darkness, under the mantling sky,
Dawn has brought forth a pale clump of blossom.
Through all outspread imagination
A slender fire is creeping,
Green fires trailing on the cold black sky,
White maidens of earth leap dancing,
For the Rose has come again upon the trellis.

MOON-MUSIC

MARVELLOUSLY bright the bosom of the
Maiden

Wading across the world's dark river;
Insects over dew-pools wave their antennae
Slowly in the starlight. Cascading quiver
The Moon's thin waterfalls, the voices of the nightingales
In a cold Moon landscape hung above the forests.

Whither is she going, the bright Moon-maiden?

O'er her river-girdled body the stars are dark.
Hears she the music from tiny throats crying,
Drawn like herself in earth's ghostly barque;
Drawn through the Universe, silently spinning,
Maiden and river, and the Moon's waterfalls?

The Moon draws the voices, the shadows of the waters,
To the tops of the forests revolving 'mid the stars,
Spinning so fast that all again is solid,
The tree-trunks standing earth's cold iron bars,
Standing still in the Moon, in the trembling voices—
The nightingales, the waterfalls, the Maid river-girdled.

The Maiden in the river has stopped singing,
Lifting her arms in the middle of the stream!
Cold is its scenery, cold the trajectory
Of bright-haired comets in the Maid's wheeled dream.
And the insects' antennae and the voices of the nightingales
Thinly in the starlight wave upon the water.

MOON-MUSIC

Clouds faint and shadowy pass across the river.

The Maiden has vanished, the nightingales are still;
The brightness that girdled her has faded from the water,

The trees' black ecstasy is blotted from each hill;
In the Moon's mountains the waterfalls are darkened,
Wrapped in grey vapour the earth rushes onward.

EARTH AT NIGHT

THROUGH pale bright seas the
dark hull earth
Floats with her outlined hills,
The Moon a blossom on her spars,
The Clouds her billowing sails.

What crystal Wind rolls her along,
What chains that silver bloom
Above her mountain masts so high
Where blows no storm or calm?

Dark hull and silver lamp move not,
Rocks cut in that still wind;
Moon-blossom, and *Shadow set with gems*
To us who stand between.

A wind, unglittering, holds the stars
In music cold and keen,
Revolving spheres around us wheel,
Locked in a crystal scene.

LIGHT AND DARKNESS

IN starlight and in dewlight I stood still
Below earth's window where
She drew her garments off. Lightly they fell
Without a sound, soft clouds around her feet,
Until she stood quite bare,
Still as the Moon without; and the quick air
Eddied about.

Silent she stood in that soft robe of blue,
Blushing that Night and all the stars should gaze
Upon her naked and unfenced from life.
She shivered with delight that myriad eyes
Of worm and beetle, bird and woodland beast
In lust pursue
Her beauty in a multiform disguise.

Praying that they
Might keep their power and flash their secret light
Into the dark recesses of the earth,
She felt the bright
Rays of the stars invade her virgin brain,
And her limbs with the falling leaves decay
In silencedyed.

Pale in the stain
Of starlight steeping steadily each leaf and bloom,
The garden drifted through transparent time.
Still she stood there,

LIGHT AND DARKNESS

A marble cloud among the clouds of light,
Bright from that blossom on earth's outlined hills, the moon;
Till, watching from below, I saw her wane,
Snow in dark sudden rain.

The garden was stark blotted out from sight,
The darkness dropping down
Destroyed that cold clear world, but soon I heard,
Above me hugely hung,
A solitary tree gulping the steady rain—
As though a Giant dark-handed had come in,
And closed up Heaven's light.

MULTITUDES

WHERE there are many multitudes in the
darkness of the city
That has stamped out the daisies' light,
There is no joy on the faces of the houses,
No flowers or plumage bright,
But a drab multitude of dun-hued sparrows
Hopping mid the People who pass—
Their shadows flickering on the narrow paths,
Shadows of the city's grass.

In the sunshine heavy, intense, and dark,
Faint, unterrene in the night,
Under the fields of treeless stars,
In the thin sifting rain of light,
Where clouds, reclining, with great carved limbs,
Above the city gaze—
Vast, stone-hewed Gods that fled to the sky,
Held fast in night's cold blaze.

The heads of the old in the street-aisled town,
Are images chipped and blurred,
The tide that flowed through their hardening limbs
Now is shrunken and sleeps unstirred,
Leaving a shadow on memory's walls—
Imagination's haunting stain,
Where the tiny billow of vanishing life
Leaps up and leaps in vain.

MULTITUDES

Multitudes of tulips in boxes standing,
 Glazed and smooth and bright;
Multitudes of windows framed and shining,
 In the sun's warm, western light;
Multitudes of voices softer falling
 On the pavements and the walls—
The lonely star-serenading winds
 Without the city's halls.

SORROWING FOR CHILDHOOD DEPARTED

WHO is there among us who has found the key
Of the treasure that is locked in the hearts of men?
Only the poet lonely in his chamber
Or the man remembering his childhood again.

Hearing gay voices, my heart is hollow,
An empty room with bright colours on the walls;
The speech of my brother is no more than a traffic
That remote and coldly on my dull brain falls.

I am deaf to the song in the speech of my fellows,
I have outwitted my childhood's desires;
And where have I travelled that to the far horizon
Dead in the landscape are earth's bright fires?

Didst thou ever murder, Macbeth, thy sorrow,
Didst thou ever murder thy soul's young joy,
Thou hadst never flinched from the life of another,
Thou hadst but with laughter stol'n from him a toy!

Would that a Spirit had stolen from me
The glittering baubles of my cunning mind,
And left me the sweet forest of my wondering childhood,
Its transparent water in tall trees enshrined.

Then was I happy. Love was my companion;
I was in communion with star and stream;
With bird and with flower I was linked in rapture,
We stared at each other—the valley's dream.

SORROWING FOR CHILDHOOD DEPARTED

Out of the mountains we were carven,
Birds and flowers, stream, rock and child—
O but I belong there! I am torn from my body,
In that far-away forest it lies exiled!

There falls the water transparently shining,
Hangs there a flower that blooms in my eyes.
Long have I been ready! let me go thither,
And unloosen my limbs to those dream-coloured skies.

O that it were possible! but that land has vanished;
The magic of that valley has crumbled away;
Bright crowds are there only, the mind's cold idola;
And my footprints on the dead ground startle the day.

A LOVE-SONG

THE beautiful, delicate bright gazelle
That bounds upon Night's hills
Has not more lovely, silken limbs
Than she who my heart fills.

But though this loveliness I lose
When I shall lie with her,
I do but pass that Image on
For new eyes to discover.

THE DANCER:

THE young girl dancing lifts her face
Passive among the drooping flowers;
The jazz band clatters sticks and bones
In a bright rhythm through the hours.

The men in black conduct her round;
With small sensations they are blind:
Thus Saturn's Moons revolve embraced
And through the cosmos wind.

But Saturn has not that strange look
Unhappy, still, and far away,
As though upon the face of Night
Lay the bright wreck of day.

MAROONED

CLOUD-SHIPS drifting near me pass
C Dragging ghost-anchors on the grass,
Laden with snow and ice and gold,
Their crews, abstractions faint and old,
Postured against the violet air
In act of drinking or of song,
I saw, lying upon a hill
In Summer's bowl clear, huge and still.

Deep-drowned, knee-bent I lie and gaze
On keels that shade celestial bays:
No bronze-cut waves, no rippling swell
Stirs where the crews' carved faces dwell.
Upon some siren-land of song
Their eyes as sightless statues stare
All treasury of mortal care
Abandoned as they sail along.

When day sank in the Western sky
No breast among them heaved a sigh;
But as I looked I saw a glaze
Of gold upon their raptured gaze;
And all those billowing sails of snow
In stillness carved no longer blow
Each stiff ship motionless as its crew.

MAROONED

All marble and becalmed they lay
Gigantic in the gulf of day.
Then out of space a chill wind flew
And in the sky cold empty air
Startled my strained eyes everywhere.
Those ships and mariners had gone.
Stunned like a bright-fleshed Angel thrown,
On the dark earth I sprawled alone.

DYING GENERATIONS

I LISTEN to the surfing tide
Escaping through a thousand stones;
The still dim stars its pallor hide
In their pale hands, sitting beside
The thin fire of the tide.

They sit in the dark sky for ever,
Holding to earth's hearth-flowering tide
The palms of their pale hands;
A frail, reflected eventide
Sparkles and dwindles in the sands.

A myriad Buddhas in the sky
At prayer with pale, uplifted hands
When the Sun died:
The crying, myriad-peopled sands
Quiver and vanish in the tide.

BUPHAGA

I DREAMED that I was walking down the streets
Of an old town. Softly as blood beats,
Along curved secret ways my footsteps went.
The day was still but clear, and green trees bent
Over the walls, their shadows drawn on stone
With that ethereal softness sometimes blown
By faint pure winds on water. Countries snow-stilled,
Heaped in the sky that same soft brightness filled
Where high carved peaks bloomed in stiff clouds of light.
Beyond the roofs bright-ranged they filled my sight.

In street-pools lay
Pale wind-flowers, china-blue, bits of the day
That shone above, solid and clear and deep.
'Twas but an hour from dawn, and fresh from sleep
The very stones gazed with dream-seeing eyes
Upon me as I passed. The houses all
Were shuttered still, although I caught the fall
Of voices in a garden—they are, thought I;
Two girls beneath a bough who to the sky
Swing in dawn's dreamfulness deliciously,
Putting dark feet against the ivory
Of heaven above the tree-tops. Softly I sang
Bright dreamy songs that clear and silvery rang
Patterned upon the calm like fretted stains
On chalcedony, or the faint branching veins
Of trees in smooth steel water. But my heart
Was flowering in a desert. At the song's start

Those other voices stilled, a hush came down
 That filled the street like snow. The little town
 Seemed like a star that's fallen on a hill
 Solid but noiseless. Not a murmuring tree
 Rustled its leaves. And so, fantastically,
 I hurried under jutting roofs; and no
 Wind came, my garments to out-blow.

At the town's edge,
 Its stones uprising from a slow river's sedge,
 A massive building lay, its garden space
 High-walled, not to be spied upon by any face
 That wandered underneath the Moon or Sun.
 And there I heard a sweet-voiced tale begun;
 Locked out I lay upon the grass and heard
 A low, clear-tinkling voice like a caged bird
 That with bright magic garlanded the air,
 And though when it began the scene was fair
 That my eyes held imagined, yet it grew
 Ever more dark, and other voices drew
 About it, voices emptier, and cold.
 Until as on earth's hills a disc of gold
 Enters, came warmth unimagined, and I lay,
 With cold fear in my heart. Yet the bright day
 Was tranquil, and no cloud by me was seen
 Hung in the sky to dim the meadow's green.

THE VOICE:

In the blue sky the sun's a fount of gold
 Bubbling invisibly into the air;
 The sightless stones are wonderfully bright-eyed;

The trees are fragments earth-torn from night's dreams,
 Sprinkled with crystal rain that fell from stars
 Jarred in their circumambulatory trance
 In the dark airy halls beyond this world.
 Much brighter sings the river than at noon,
 For then its shrill and silver babbling falls
 Into the mellow mournfulness of age,
 And all its shining coils are filmed and dim,
 Its flashing body dulled, and heavily lying
 Upon its bed by banks of withered grass.
 Small bell-mouthed trumpets blown by hidden lips
 Below the soil, now break upon the air
 In carven tones, purer than scrolls of wax
 Or linen hoods of nuns in chapel vaults;
 The grass is white, milk-white our ancient walls;
 The pure soft morning's like a pearl fished up
 Out of a sea at sunrise, with the Moon
 A heavenly sloop, low in the light-washed sky.

The drifting fishers by the pearl-grey shore,
 Cast up from space by the transparent calm,
 Emerge with dripping masts;
 The Moon has sailed, they push their oars and glide
 Into the pale gold Eastern mists, and find
 The dawn's great Topaz on the water's rim,
 And when they see it, gaily rise and sing!

SECOND VOICE:

At dawn I feel there is a bell in space,
 That with a quivering tongue tolls music forth

From its high tower on seas of glimmering pearl,
Greeting the cold blush of the morning sky
With a cold azure clangour of delight!

THE VOICE:

The trees that drip are prisoners of the earth,
And can but lift their branches to the sky.
They stand like fountains chained by winter frosts
Breathing a cold bright glory, frail as smoke
Or breath of cattle on the dewy grass.
But we are free, *free*, yet we wither here
In these black gowns, as dead as trees in winter
Fenced in white walls of everlasting peace!

SECOND VOICE:

I found a toad one day beneath a stone,
And he was golden-mottled, velvet-dark,
With a great emerald eye. I shrieked with fear,
And ran back with delight, he was so lovely.
At last, trembling, I stooped to touch his side:
Ugh! he was cold! I never shall forget
The shock it was to find a thing so bright
Colder than my cell's walls. Next day he'd gone.
I should have placed him in a little box,
And kept him just to gaze on. . .

THE VOICE:

The sunset's gold, and that is all we see
Of the great glory there must be in life.
Here in this garden we can watch it dip
Beyond those western mountains whose high peaks
Are more remote than any hills of dream.

For in the dead of night, and fast asleep,
 There are no boundaries to my travelling soul,
 No vale or hillside but I wander there,
 And pluck its flowers, and wave delighted hands
 Above its tranquil streams, and those white fans
 Startle gold shadows in the crystal waters,
 Faint undulations in the rippling tide
 Of that frail blushing glory on the hills
 That creeps at evening from the fading sky,
 And steals down all the rivers. Softly it sings
 In many a dark wood carolling on a bough,
 A tiny ghost of that departed sun.
 And such a ghost I heard, once wandering here—
 Out of my bed arisen an hour ere dawn—
 Stealing between the shadow-shapes of trees.
 So still it was I scarcely dared to breathe.
 It seemed to me that life lay all around
 Loud crying from a million million throats.
 Though 'twas so silent, I could almost hear
 The star fires crackling in the dark of heaven.
 Then suddenly I heard a voice that came—
 Thinner than crying drakes that die at dusk—
 Up from the stone beneath my feet, and I
 Heard without hearing, in tranquillity
 Deeper than evening's calm, this lonely song:

Weary I wait until the rising Sun
 Shall reach me where I lie,
 And then shall I

Burn with sharp sweetness the pale-scented grass;
 And marigolds upright
 Shall droop their proud fair heads, until I see
 Their faces bright
 Clouded with that slow-passing panoply
 Of great star-dimming light.
 But naked, I, unblinking, shall gaze back,
 And dumbly shout, unheard,
 As loud as dark-groved bird
 Whom, wood-entombèd, Dawn's pale splinter
 finds.
 And on night's brink—
 When icy winds do weep, and hidden in leaves
 Silent they shrink—
 I shall cry out once more to ghostly stars,
 And pale dew's drink.

The silence never trembled. I stood still
 Down in the garden, motionless as stone,
 My face upturned to stars, my lips half-open
 As if that song had passed out with my breath,
 And was my spirit leaving my cold body,
 Sighed up from earth and under star-blue skies
 A moon-lit wave of lava, petrified.

SECOND VOICE:

I do not know, what other life you seek.
 In this quiet garden all is beautiful,
 And I am glad to be safe harboured here,
 For there's a hidden cruelty in the sky. . .

THE VOICE:

I have no fear of cruelty: I would live,
 And see my blood phantasy my white hands,
 And stain my linen with dark, silent shrieks,
 Rather than sit immaculate and sing—
 A frosty angel cloud-carved from the sky—
 Calm, stainless songs of snow in heavenly streets,
 Archangels blowing clarion harmony
 With faces like those marble cherubs who
 Gaze from the corners of our father's tomb.

SECOND VOICE:

There is a pale rapt beauty on their brows
 That I do long for. Jesu, give me peace
 To dig such holiness from my weak flesh
 As looking on Thou shalt incline Thy Face—
 Howe'er so far away—with loveliness
 Benign and calm, Thou shining on my soul
 As the Moon shines on the pale pools of earth!

THE VOICE:

The dreams of virgins are both ice and fire.
 It may be that these starry frosts of thine—
 Like those at morning found upon the trees
 When a night's snow has stolen away the wind
 And left a sepulchre of shining boughs—
 Do pierce the soul with brighter agony,
 And light more sparkling tracks within the mind
 Than mid-day suns that beat upon the heart,
 And bleed in wild cloud-jungles of the sky,
 Dissolving dawn's white wraiths to woods of gloom

Where hidden waters curve upon the boughs
 In great green billows, and on crowded stems
 The earth's sun-seeking myriads twist their souls;
 Frail angels from the moss they sing to God,
 Lifting a weight of prayer towards the sky
 To burst into a sudden clap of bloom,
 Hanging faint heads after wild-coloured cries;
 While round about prowling darker things than these,
 Who also praise God ravening through the world.

In green foam and in silver streams
 The nightingales now sing,
 And many souls are wandering by
 The frail, white boughs of spring
 Who from my dreaming thrust a hand
 Under cold, milk-pale skies
 To catch the shining song they hear
 Ere in dream-dark it dies.

In dream-dark die earth's jaguars,
 Eagles and spotted deer;
 The crested birds who from great flowers
 Upon the silence peer:
 The blossoms of a far-off world
 In the night sky gather;
 They shall all walk down with me
 In the dark earth together.

SECOND VOICE:

The songs you sing, Moryrria, fill my mind
 With meaning strange as music that disturbs
 The soul desiring peace and to know God.

MORYRRIA:

Wilt thou know God, seated upon a stone,
 Thy face bent o'er a lily? In what book
 Hath God appeared Who made the green-eyed toad
 That sits in meadows (while the flock of stars
 Creeps from the sky) as thou sittest at thy window—
 His eyes the same great field of far-off fires
 Which pale and redden in the invisible wind?
 From what deep pool of mud did he creep up
 Out of the bowels of earth to see the sky,
 To gaze as thou dost gaze? It is the earth itself
 That from deep concentration lifts its soul,
 And from that meadow and your window looks.
 And there is something that looks up in me,
 But cannot find what it would gaze upon.

SECOND VOICE:

You frighten me, Moryrria . . .

MORYRRIA:

Open your white-paged book in the green woods.
 Your calm face will bring peace to the green boughs,
 Who'll flutter round that bright tranquillity
 That comes among them, whence they cannot know.
 Nor do I know what brought you, sister, here,
 Into this world of turbulence and lust,
 A white cascade among wild rocks and trees.

SECOND VOICE:

The Reverend Mother comes—but, look! Moryrria!
I thought I saw the Sun shout, huge and gold,
Among the pigmy stars: BEHOLD, BUPHAGA!

PRIORESS:

This creature, daughter, has been sent to thee
 From thy lost brother, who in heathen lands
 Fought for the souls of men mid things like these.
 But I do fear—for it is marvellous gold,
 And hues of sunset sparkle on its body—
 Now that thou hast this morsel of the Sun,
 It shall entice thy mind to earthly lusts,
 Strange fornications of thy maiden spirit
 That is so apt to crucify the flesh
 In wild embracing of the cold night stars.
 I fear a fire will eat into this garden
 That has been lit by the pale purified Orb
 Amid our northern mountains. And the Moon,
 That Christlike treads our calm, seraphic hills,
 Will no more hang upon our garden harps
 Bright harmony of still, transparent sound—
 As though the angels carved on Heaven's walls
 In contemplation had down-dropped their gaze
 To this dark earth . . .

MORYRIA:

Art thou my brother's soul, or art thou Life
 That I have waited for these empty years?
 Out of the black abysses of dead Time
 Thou art come hither, barred with the golden Sun,
 Voiced with a million, million forest leaves
 Shadow-like falling through the dateless past
 Where great mossed trunks fade like the wings
 of evening,

Passing at twilight into eternity.
 Male moths like devil's faces fluttering come
 Floating from hell, making no sound at all
 Mid silent-shrieking flowers dragged off by night
 Suddenly from all fearful-gazing eyes.
 I hear the jubilation of cold streams
 When the gold ghosts of tigers, walking, pale,
 With heads uplifted gaze on their embryo stars—
 Those milky beasts that haunt the desert skies,
 And then descend to drink the evening water
 In wandering streams . . .

* * * * *

That voice went falling on,

As falls the sea's voice from the traveller, gone
 Some miles inland, who sees the motionless hills
 And clouds hung silent in the sky. Sound fills
 The still wide valley with no audible cry
 From bright waves painted cold in memory.
 I gazed in dream upon the swelling ground
 That undulated softly to the sea,
 Against those dark walls foaming noiselessly.
 And there was not a sound in earth or sky:
 No bird rose up out of the trees to fly,
 Dwindling through space upon a noiseless wing
 And in departing hope of renewal bring.
 But all around seemed a stiff painted scene,
 Air-ambered butterflies hung 'twixt bushes green,
 Insects' antennæ moved not, nor their great eyes
 In grass as still as the bright fadeless skies.

Birds stood on rocks, fish gazed from wave-still
coigns—

Earth on itself protruding from its own loins.
But Earth was not, for Earth had entered in
That secret spiritual garden. The awful din
Of astronomic emptiness swung round
My naked soul. But not a tangible sound
Flew to the drums of my corporeal ear
Bent, listening. . . .

And I looked up and found that it was even,
Pale stars were clustered dimly in the heaven.
I heard no voices, walking to the sea
Quivering upon earth's coast, soundlessly.
And in a boat I stole, without wind, away
From the dead shore where that great Convent lay.

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